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A CURIOUS ACCIDENT.

It Caused the Wreck, Long Shrouded
In Mystery, of a Schooner.

The queer accidents that have happened to Maine vessels would fill a volume, and some of them would not be believed. An old coaster captain recalled the mysterious wreck of the little schooner Active in Fox Island thoroughfares some years ago. It was in the fall of the year, and the Active was going through the narrow passage between the islands. She carried only two men, the master, Captain Fay, and his sixteen-year-old son. When last seen under sail the Active was shipshape, the boy at the wheel and his father below taking a nap, as it was afterward found. Next day the Active was found on the rocks, with her stern stove in, the master drowned in his bunk and the boy dead at the wheel with a bullet hole in his head.

This discovery caused a great sensation, and there appeared to be no motives for any one to kill the boy, and as it was known that the shot must have been fired by a third person, the whole affair was a mystery and remained thus for years, when a man in a distant state confessed on his deathbed that he was the one who fired the shot that killed the helmsman of the Active.

The man said that he had fired at a hawk, which was circling low, and did not see the schooner, which suddenly came into range, owing to an intervening clump of bushes. Then he was horrified to see the boy at the schooner's wheel throw up his hands and fall to the deck, while the vessel broached to and was driven ashore by the wind and tide. The gunner, who was after gulls and ducks, fled without waiting to investigate the result of his unfortunate shot, fearing that if he reported the matter to the authorities he might, although innocent of any criminal intent, be imprisoned.—Washington Post.

When men are pure, laws are useless; when men are corrupt, laws are broken.—Disraeli.

COULDN'T PLEASE HER.

The Woman Whose Husband Never
Had the Right Change.

A prominent broker remarked the other day that he thought his wife was the hardest woman to please in the wide world. She was always asking him for money when he was home. "John," she would say, "give me 47 cents." The grocery boy is here with a bill." "I can't give you 47 cents," he would reply, "but here's half a dollar." "Oh, you're the funniest man; you never have the right change." A dozen times a day she would ask for a few odd pennies.

Finally the broker went into the subtreasury and obtained \$100 worth of bright new pennies. There were 10,000 pennies, and he packed them in a suit case and lugged them home. Then he went to a blacksmith shop and had an iron tripod made, and upon this he hung the suit case filled with pennies.

The next day the butcher came with his bill. It amounted to \$5.67. "John," said the wife, "give me \$5.67." "You will find it on the tripod," he explained. The wife returned in a moment in a great rage. "Why, John," she cried, "I'm not going to count out 567 pennies for this man! I'd be ashamed. It's a wonder you can never have the right change."—New York Herald.

The Rocking of Lake Erie.
The 250 mile trough of Lake Erie lies approximately in the direction of the west to southwest winds which prevail in that part of the country. Thus the lake offers an excellent opportunity for studying the effects of the wind upon a large body of inclosed water, and very interesting these effects sometimes prove. Rhythmic gusts produce a rocking motion and great blows from the west or southwest sweep the liquid body of the lake eastward and sometimes cause a rise of eight feet or more at Buffalo in the course of a few hours. As soon as the maximum force of the gale has passed the water swings back. Continued rockings are observed on days when the strength of the wind fluctuates.

The Flitman Burglary

It Caused Some Uncomfortable Moments

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mr. Flitman went through the flat extinguishing the electric lights one by one with sharp "clicks" of the switches.

"Did you lock the safe, Rod?" inquired Mrs. Flitman from the front hall, where she was buttoning her long white gloves.

"Yes—key in my pocket," returned Mr. Flitman easily. "Got your duplicate key hidden, Maud?"

"Yes, indeed," assured Maud as they passed into the hall. "I make it a point never to overlook that safe key, Rod. Without it a burglar couldn't possibly get at our silver, eh, Rod?"

"So the safe people said," muttered Rodney hastily, for they were going down in the elevator now, and a man and woman were watching them rather curiously.

It was after 11 o'clock, and Rodney Flitman was dancing with a pretty girl in pale blue when there suddenly stole over him a vague uneasiness. Perhaps it was because the pretty girl had just been lamenting a burglary in her home the week before that set his thoughts running on the vacant flat, for Bridget, their maid of all work, slept at home.

"I'm positive I locked that safe," he assured himself as he whirled dizzily around in the waltz. "But for the life of me I cannot remember whether I locked the front door. I hate to ask Maud. She will get fidgety right away."

When the dance was over and he had left his partner in congenial com-

The light was out. He felt for his bunch of keys and then thought to turn the knob. It gave easily, and the door opened into the dark hall. A faint light from the corridor streamed in and showed him that the hall was empty, but that the hall and chain that controlled the switch were swinging violently from the chandelier.

Somebody had touched the chain but an instant ago. His hand found the incandescent bulb still warm from the recent light.

A faint, very faint, creepy feeling stirred the roots of Rodney Flitman's hair. It was unpleasant to feel that there was a burglar in his home and that a thin door was all that separated him from him.

The watchman was eight stories below. A violent rapping on the floor or a vigorous shout would bring him upstairs within five minutes, but in the meantime the invaders of his home would have fled by way of the fire escape and taken something with them.

Besides, Rodney suspected the burglar to be a woman, and he was gallant enough to desire to give her a chance to escape, only he wanted her to give up whatever she had taken.

Perhaps she had already been frightened away by his opening of the door. If she went to the fire escape she would surely lose her life, for he recollects now with a sort of horror that the iron stairway was coated with ice.

Resolutely he went forward and opened the dining room door. He heard a quickly drawn breath like a deep sigh and the rustle of a silken skirt and then dead silence in the darkness.

"Madam!" he whispered hoarsely. Silence.

"Madam, I wish to be your friend," he continued in the same hoarse whisper, feeling his way across the room.

"Leave everything behind and escape now, while there is time. I will!"

"Be silent!" hissed a woman's voice in his ear, and something round and cold pressed against his neck. "Speak one word and you are a dead man!"

"But—" protested Rodney indignantly.

"Don't move an inch. You will stay where you are until my husband comes!" she hissed in his ear.

For five minutes they stood thus, rigidly silent. Presently Rodney felt the pressure of the steel relax a trifle, and at the same time something soft and powdery sifted down his collar.

"What is that sifted down my neck?" he demanded suspiciously.

"Gunpowder, I suppose," she hissed in his ear. "Will you keep still?"

"I've a good mind to call the watchman," he whispered recklessly.

She laughed scornfully, a sort of whispering laugh that thrilled through him. "Perhaps I better call him. I can scream much louder than you can shout."

"You don't dare. How would you like to have handcuffs on your pretty wrists?" he retorted.

She was silent.

"If you will give up the jewels I will let you go without further trouble," he said after awhile.

Again he laughed. "So kind of you! But you are not detaining me, remember."

Rodney did remember all of this suddenly and felt foolish. He wondered if he should suddenly turn upon her what she would do. Would she really fire off her weapon? He knew these women burglars were very clever and daring, but her remark about gunpowder escaping from the weapon she held at his neck betrayed her ignorance of firearms.

Rodney decided to remain perfectly quiet. He was more afraid of a woman who did not understand the use of firearms than one who did.

Minutes passed, and he began to worry about his wife. Alarmed at his long absence from the dance, she would undoubtedly inquire for him and mention her fears to her hostess; then Mrs. Wetmore would explain, and Maud might call him by telephone to find out what was the matter.

He was leaning against the wall now, and, as he was quite tall, he could just feel his hair brushing against the wall bracket that held an electric light. So steadily did he move his left arm upward that his body remained quite rigid. It took him five minutes to raise his fingers to that they touched the switch. Gently he twisted it until at all once the room was flooded with light.

It was such a surprise that both he and the woman beside him remained rigid for an instant. Then she recovered her wits first and broke into hysterical laughter. He turned to her and stared first at the silver salt shaker which she had been holding against his throat. He looked stupidly at her gloved hands and arms, upward to the long red evening cloak and lastly at his wife's mirthful face, half laughing, half crying, wholly excited.

"You!" he almost shouted.

"And you!" shrieked Mrs. Flitman hysterically.

"Well, you are a plucky one, Maud," he admitted admiringly as he prepared a restorative for her shattered nerves. "What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Wasn't sure whether I locked that safe door after all," she said. "so I came back to find out."

"I missed my key to the safe. I had it tied around my neck. So I came home. I was afraid I might have dropped it here and a burglar would find it."

"There were some suspicious looking people in the elevator when we went down—that dark couple, you know."

"Oh, what do you think, Rod—they were at the dance! They happen to be Mrs. Wetmore's cousins, and they have taken an apartment here."

"Stung!" mourned Mr. Flitman, deprived of his last suspicion.



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